

THE ALLIANCE HERALD

LLOYD C. THOMAS, Business Manager
JOHN W. THOMAS, Editor HARVEY E. RHODES, City Editor

Published every Thursday by
THE HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Incorporated

Lloyd C. Thomas, President J. Carl Thomas, Vice Pres.
John W. Thomas, Secretary

Entered at the post office at Alliance, Nebraska, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

"WE KILLED A B'AR"

It's an old saying among business men that, when one embarks in a new enterprise or seeks to develop a neglected line, he has to "go it alone" till the time comes when there is a prospect of making a dollar out of the venture when there are plenty of others to jump in and try to grab the dollar, or divide it with the fellow to whom it rightfully belongs. If a man sets up a peanut stand in a town where was none before, there's always some one else back and waiting to see whether it will be a success. If it proves to be and the projector of it begins making a little money, the other fellow jumps in and tries to divide the profits of a more energetic man's enterprise.

It is a noteworthy fact that that kind of business leeches seldom, if ever, make much of a success in their efforts to prey on the enterprise of others. Some times they cripple the man who is entitled to the legitimate fruits of his own enterprise, but the hangers-on seldom get far themselves.

In the printing business it's much the same as in other things, only more so. There are some would-be editors and make-believe publishers who are constantly on the lookout for graft, but who fail to see that there is plenty of undeveloped business all about them until some one else, who is more disposed to do hard work, opens a field, prepares the ground and sows the seed, when the printer with grafting propensities jumps in with his little sickle keen and endeavors to reap a harvest from another man's plowing and planting. The imitator does not make a success, of course, of the thing which he tries to imitate, altho he may succeed in making a nuisance of himself with his counterfeit enterprise.

The Herald desires to make this editorial helpful to honorable business men, and especially to other publishers. We do not wish to appear unpleasantly personal, but in order to get close enough to the subject to be practical will mention a few illustrations of the things to which we are referring.

There are publishing houses located in some of the large cities that make a business of printing city directories for the smaller cities and towns. They make their money, principally, from the advertising secured from local business and professional men. They never fail to charge for advertising space in the directory all or more than it is worth—a price that the local printers would consider a bonanza; their directories usually contain many inaccuracies that would be eliminated if local printers were doing the work. The work could be done by competent printers in any well equipped newspaper and job office. But let a home printer undertake to get out the city directory, keeping the money paid for printing and profit in the city for which it is printed, and what is the result. Some other printer butts into the game with a counter proposition, or gets out his little hammer to knock the enterprise in the head.

In recent years large sums of money are paid annually for advertising calendars and novelties, which are sold to the business men of the smaller cities and towns by traveling salesmen. The money paid these salesmen for traveling expenses and salaries amounts to a good commission and would make a snug addition to the income of some local publisher—if he could get the business. We have never yet heard of a printer in a town of five thousand people or less that ever made enough out of the calendar business to pay for the sole leather worn out in securing it.

For nearly twenty years after the organization of the Nebraska Stock Growers Association (or the organization that afterwards became the N. S. G. A.) no newspaper gave any particular attention to it and its work, except within a few weeks preceding the annual conventions and in the issues immediately following. After mature deliberation, the publishers of The Alliance Herald decided that a paper devoted to the interests of the Nebraska Stock Growers Association and boosting for it thruout the year would be a good thing for the association and might bring the publishers some business. Accordingly, two years ago, The Herald asked to be made the official organ, which was done by the executive committee, pursuant to authorization from the annual convention. As a result some extra business was secured, but every dollar of it was earned. To printers who do not know the amount of labor and expense it took to secure that business, it no doubt looked as tho there was a big profit in it; and, as might be expected, others were after it. We are not questioning their right to try for it: what we are trying to point out is the uselessness and unfairness of trying to gather the fruit of another's enterprise. The publisher of one paper, that is commonly looked upon as not having a place among legitimate business of the town and must secure some kind of graft to keep it going, in his eagerness to supplant some one else informed—no, not informed, but told—the executive committee that he had "probably spent about a thousand dollars in behalf of the Nebraska Stock Growers Association." The statement is too ridiculous to be dignified by giving it much attention. To say that it is untrue would not fully describe it; it is pure piffle.

We have referred in the above to the printing business in particular because we are more closely in touch with it than any other, but the same principles apply to other lines. There's business, great gobs of it, all around for the man who intelligently and earnestly goes after it. If you've got red blood in your veins, if you're not too lazy to work, and if you have intelligence enough to properly direct your own initiative, get busy. Don't sit around waiting for some one else to turn up something for you to take advantage of; turn up something for yourself. And above all, if you want the respect of people who believe in the square deal, do not be like the backwoodsman who, in time of danger, crawled into the attic of the cabin, leaving his wife to fight the midnight prowler single-handed, and after the battle was over, descended cautiously from his retreat and exclaimed, "Well, we killed a b'ar."

COUNTERFEIT ENTERPRISE NOT ACCEPTABLE

It is wise to profit by the experience of others. It is sometimes a good thing to follow the example of others in matters of business, and not many people object to having their methods imitated, as "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." But profiting by the experience of more enterprising business men and following their methods is quite a different thing from trying to supplant them and rob them of the legitimate fruits of their enterprise. The Herald does not object to the former, but it does to the latter, of which there has been entirely too much in the printing industry, as well as in other lines of business. Men who are either lacking in initiative, or are too indolent to attempt anything original, jump into the game with both feet when they think there is an opportunity to get a pickup out of somebody else's enterprise and hard work. Such persons do not often receive much encouragement from fair minded business men, in the form of patronage. That is one reason why they do not usually get far with their counterfeit enterprise.

Exchange Gossip

Mr. McLaughlin of Alliance was here attending the English horse inspection that Ben Roberts of Merriam conducted at the stock yards in this place on Tuesday last.—Gordon Journal.

In writing up a party last week who went to Alliance, consisting of Bill Chamberlain, Forrest Hippach, Mrs. Frank Knapp and Mr. Haller, we omitted to mention that Mrs. Will Chamberlain also went along in the same car.—Rushville Recorder.

Broken Bow cyclists carried off most of the prizes in the motor races at Alliance last week. On Wednesday, Cadwell won second money and Dull third. Thursday Langson won first and Cadwell third. Friday, Broken Bow swept the platter clean, Dull winning first, Cadwell second and Langson third.—Broken Bow Republican.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hubbard and little son were Alliance visitors Friday and Saturday attending stockmen's convention. * * * Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sampson were among the sightseers at Alliance on Friday of last week. * * * Felix and John Baker returned Sunday from Alliance, having attended the stock show last week. * * * Lloyd Brotherton left Friday for Alliance, having been called in for duty as brakeman on the Burlington. * * * Ira Mansfield returned Sunday from Alliance, where he had spent the week. He made the return in a Ford car which he purchased while in that city. * * * Mrs. John Dunn went to Alliance on Thursday where she was the guest of friends for the day. * * * Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thurston attended the stockmen's convention at Alliance Friday and Saturday. * * * Miss Lillian Hughes came Thursday from Alliance to visit a few days with her father, G. H. Hughes. * * * B. S. Paine of Alliance was in Ashby on a business errand Monday. * * * Roland Decon, who was formerly a Kinkaid in this locality, was down from Alliance on a business errand Monday.—Ashby Argus.

"Did you go to Alliance Friday?" was the common greeting about town for several days after the trip to Alliance. Some fifteen cars bearing about sixty people were driven across while several people went on the train, making in all about a hundred. The day was perfect, the start was early, the roads in fine shape, the carnival one of the largest we ever saw, and seemingly a very clean and interesting company so far as we were able to determine. The auto polo was the best ever, and, better still, those in charge of amusements for our celebration the third, were able to procure this attraction for that day, so that our friends who were not able to go to Alliance may see the big polo game. Thrilling and exciting, and yet not so dangerous as it seems, it was well worth the price of admission. The races at the fair grounds were all good, and interesting to a high degree. In the motorcycle race on Thursday Murphy Langson of Broken Bow won first place. Many Chadron people will remember "Murph" as the little son of Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Langson, who formerly lived here, and will be pleased to know of the young man's success. Those who remained in Alliance all night were most wise, for they not only escaped a lot of trouble but had a chance to take in the carnival shows in the evening. Several cars started home in the early evening and every one either encountered the storm or what it had left behind it. Each will tell you a different story for all had different experiences.—Chadron Journal.

Burt Furman with his Ford took in the stockmen's convention at Alliance last Wednesday, having as passengers Clyde Hartman and Earl T. Enyeart. * * * Mrs. Hughes was an Alliance visitor yesterday, going on No. 44, and returning on No. 43. * * * Last Friday the Doctors Ivans and families of Crawford autoed through here early en route to the big doings at Alliance. Returning late in the evening they were informed that there was a washout on the sand draw, so left their car here and went on home in the special, about midnight. * * * A change of firemen was made the last of the week, Fireman Ellis coming from Alliance to work on the hill helper. His wife and children came on No. 43, Friday. They are moving here and will occupy the Art Bennett cottage in the west part of town.—Marsland Tribune.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pierce and Mr. Ramsey of Alliance spent Wednesday night with Mat and Mrs. Thomas east of town.—Bayard Transcript.

The Wortham Carnival Co.'s train passed through here Sunday enroute from Alliance to Deadwood, where they showed this week.—Edgemont Express.

About twenty automobile loads of Chadron boosters left Chadron early Friday morning for Alliance to take in the stockmen's convention, and it was indeed a live bunch that represented Chadron, but when they returned those who went over in the cars that evening or some time during the next day they had about lost all the booster spirit they had in them for the return home they were caught in a terrific rain, hail and wind storm, and all day Saturday they came driving home, but they had a good time anyway and were satisfied with the treatment Alliance accorded them. There was a large crowd at Alliance, they had a big carnival company and the usual wild west program was put on to the entire satisfaction of all. Nearly all of the state politicians attended the stockmen's convention, including Governor Morehead, Congressman M. P. Kinkaid and United States

Senator Hitchcock.—Chadron Chronicle.

The stockmen's convention held in Alliance last week was the biggest and most harmonious meeting ever taking place since its organization. Crowds from all parts of the state and adjoining states were there to see the Wortham street carnival that seemed to meet with the high approval of everybody. Taken altogether, everybody had a rousing good time, and will anxiously await the time when another visit to Alliance may be occasioned.—Hooker County Tribune.

Dusty's Dabblings

Some of these days a certain section of the Lord's prayer will be changed by some men to read: "Give us this day our daily gasoline".

What next? A rare disease called "oldionycocis" has been discovered in California, and that state has a monopoly on it. Let 'em keep it. Anything with that name ought to be put into a dark cell for life.

A dispatch from Columbus, Kansas, states that "Empty beer kegs are being used to save the Kansas wheat crop." Holes are bored in each end of the keg and the "empties" are used for binder wheels. Some people have no sense of economy just think of the terrible waste of beer kegs.

A headline in a daily says, "Omaha Company Asserts Switching Charges Are High". Most married men will agree that "switches" are rather high.

Bryan says, "The opportunity of history is here." We suppose he refers to the time he took advantage of it by resigning.

That man with his shirt unbuttoned at the neck—why doesn't he wear a larger size?

Some people, in speaking a good word for their town, always manage to get in a half dozen for themselves.

We have often wondered why they call them "quiet" weddings. Surely no one would think of calling them "noisy" weddings.

Many a woman is accused of flirting when she is only using "tact".

In nearly every paper you pick up you can find an item where a woman's shriek frightened a burglar to flight. Everybody has his own weapons, but a man needs a double-barreled shotgun to even make a burglar blink an eye.

There are several different kinds of nuisances, and among them is the man who scribbles silly thoughts in a hymn book.

The Herald has a new subscriber named E. J. Bible. No, he is no relation to Ish Ka.

We know a man who generally wears a wise look and has little to say, almost to the point of incivility. He thinks this mask will cover his ignorance and that people will think he really knows something. The trouble is, though, that this man didn't start soon enough.

We have tried on several occasions to induce Leonard Pilkington to appoint the newspaper men as special guards and life savers at the swimming pool on ladies' days, but so far he has flatly refused. The attendance has been excellent, and it is an injustice to the ladies not to provide an efficient corps of life savers composed of the newspaper men, because this class is said to always be filled with enough hot air to keep them afloat under all circumstances. Of course we don't accuse Pilk of being selfish.

Lloyd's Column secured a "scoop" over Dusty last week with an item regarding a newspaper man named Lloyd Thomas, being shot down in Texas. Lloyd claims this man is his "double", but we'll bet if that Texas fellow saw a copy of the Herald he would rise out of his bed with that bullet in his body, and come to Alliance and bring suit for defamation of character. Furthermore, anybody can get shot, and Lloyd seems to want sympathy just because his "double" was rash and got in the way of a bullet. When Dusty finds his double, he wants to find him all together, and not shot full of holes.

And some people put too much "con" in their conversation.

Lest you forget, we wish to gently remind you that Monday, the 28th, was the first anniversary of the murder of Archduke Ferdinand and wife, of Serbia. And news comes from the foreign countries that the day was very appropriately observed.

Says Editor Gopen, of the Sidney Telegraph: "There is no prima donna's voice in the world so sweet as a baby's lisp." That may be true, Gopen, but most proud fathers have never heard a prima donna, and furthermore, they call it another name than "lisp", especially at 1 o'clock in the morning.

SURPRISES MANY IN ALLIANCE
The QUICK action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ka, the remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis, is surprising Alliance people. Many have found that this simple remedy drains so much foul matter from the system that A SINGLE DOSE relieves constipation, sour stomach and gas on the stomach almost immediately. Adler-ka is the most thorough bowel cleanser ever sold. H. THIFLE, Druggist.

Swatting the flies is less sensational than some other forms of warfare, but it does not disgrace civilization.

Lloyd's Column

When living has lost all its savor, And loving has lost all its charm, When Destiny frowns such distavor, No deeds you may do can disarm; When words you have leaned upon crumble, And earth's one-time smile is a smirk, Don't let yourself be a jumble—Work!

When yesterday's errors return to vex you with ghosts of themselves, And every day brings that you yearn to Win out 't is shared on the shelves; When He stain your mail in the morning, And night hides untruth in its murk, Don't sob or cry out; take a warning—Work!

For he who has man-stuff behind him Will triumph and still pay the toll; Fate cannot defame him nor blind him, Nor Care crowd the size of his soul; Like takes no excuse for self-sorrow, And Death is ashamed of the shirk, So stick to the "straight and the narrow"—Work!

Mary had a little lamb, But when she heard the price, She sent the waiter back again And took a bowl of rice.

"What were you saying, Harold?" feebly asked the young woman reclining in the steamer chair. There was a pause, and then the young man leaning over the vessel's rail responded, "I wasn't speaking, Angelina, you—you misunderstood me."

"Fellow citizens," said the colored orator, "What an education." "Education am the palladium of our liberties and the grand pandemonium of civilization."

Go to Europe! Whenever difficulties arise with foreign nations, the jingo bursts out in wild demand for a fight. Just at present he's holding forth at every corner drug store and grocery in the land, where the proprietor hasn't got on to him. He's telling whoever will listen why the United States should go to war and what this country would do if it measured arms with an enemy. When the time comes for volunteers, the jingo will get a case of charley-horse and won't be able to march, so the quiet fellow, who wasn't so darned anxious about war in the first place, will have to shoulder the musket and do the fighting. Champ Clark is advising the country to leave the settlement of our difficulties with foreign powers to the president and his advisers. In the trenches, the Germans are said to be doing more harm with poisonous gas than with bullets. That's what the jingo is doing over here with his conversational gas. If you want to fight, go to Europe!

Willie's Lament
They're organizin' a sane Fourth Down in our town this year; There won't be enny noise, of course, Er nothin' else, I fear. En cannon crackers can't be had; There's not one in our shop. 'N if you let a sizzler off, You gotta ask a cop.

I guess there won't be enny bombs, Er nothin' else like that. You mustn't bust your ma's ear drums, Er scare th' dog 'n cat. So I'll jes' wear my Sunday pants, 'N wave a little flag, Sit on the porch 'n eat ice cream, 'N bust a paper bag.

Little Willie was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared she asked: "Where have you been, my pet?" "Playing postman," replied her "pet". "I gave a letter to all the houses in our road. Real letters, too."

"Where on earth did you get them?" questioned the mother in amazement. "They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.

"Mandy, why on earth are you washing that dish in that fashion?" "I dunno, mam, less'n hit's cause cullud people is jest nachelly smateth than white folks."

Learning a Boy's Age
While the agent was selling farm machinery at the house, the friend at the gate held his horse and a conversation took place with the small boy of the family.

With grave incredulity, he was saying: "Are you sure you are only nine years old? I think there must be some mistake."

The boy was positive, but to make sure: "Ma," he called, "ain't I just nine years old?" "Yes, son."

After a time he ventured, "Say, mister, what made you think I was more than nine years old?" "Why," said the stranger, "I couldn't understand how you could get so dirty in nine years."

The Call to the Ministry
An elderly woman now living in the West, formerly a resident of Princeton, New Jersey, not long ago visited her relatives in that town. She was especially interested in the progress of a nephew who had entered the ministry. She had not seen him since his boyhood, and was, therefore, anxious to attend service at his church.

At dinner, subsequent to the Sunday sermons she heard delivered by her nephew, it was observed that the old woman was singularly reticent. Suddenly she broke her long silence by asking her nephew, "William, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Why, aunt!" exclaimed the young divine. "What a question!" I entered the ministry because I was called."

Just a suspicion of a smile came to the old woman's face, as she responded, "Are you sure, William, that it wasn't some other noise you heard?"

A young man had called upon his best girl the night before. As a result he had but poorly prepared his Virgil lesson. In spite of this fact he translated fairly well for a short time but after reading "and I put my arms around her", he suddenly stopped, unable to translate farther and said: "That is as far as I got, Professor." The instructor's reply was, "That is far enough, young man."

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy
This is a remedy that every family should be provided with, and especially during the summer months. Think of the pain and suffering that must be endured when medicine must be sent for or before relief can be obtained. This remedy is thoroughly reliable. Ask anyone who has used it. Obtainable everywhere.

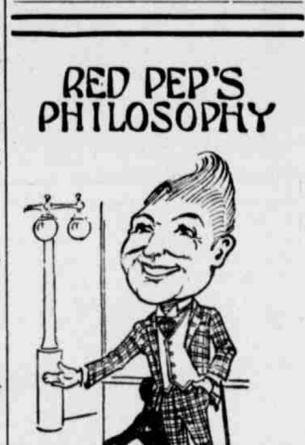
OLD PAPERS for sale at The Herald Office. Five cents per bundle.

RED PEP'S PHILOSOPHY

"When you extend your hand to some fellows they often mistake it for your foot and pull your leg."

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS For Auto Supplies and Oil and Gasoline Free Air on the Curb

Alliance Auto Supply Co. Phone 25



YOU OUGHT TO GO SOMEWHERE

It is hardly necessary to enumerate the excursion fares to various summer localities. They include tours to the Great Lakes, Canada, Atlantic Coast and other eastern summer regions; they include the Black Hills, Big Horn Mountains, Colorado resorts, Estes Park, Yellowstone and Glacier Parks, the Scenic Colorado Mountain Park tour, then, of course, the Exposition Coast tour. Look over the map; choose your locality and let us tell you how to arrange best as to side-trips, diverse routes and the other advantages that the Burlington various mainlines offer you.

NEW TRAIN SERVICE: Denver-Chicago Train No. 10 is now operated to and through Omaha, arriving there at 1:10 a. m. Billings eastbound Train 44 now arrives Omaha at 1:10 a. m. Street cars and autos on arrival serve the public. Billings eastbound Train No. 42, and connections, now arrives Omaha at 2:55 p. m.

In view of the heavy volume of travel now moving, let us suggest that you make your sleeping car arrangements well in advance and as definitely as possible as to date and train. J. KRUEDELBAUGH, Ticket Agent, Alliance, Neb. L. W. WAKELEY, General Passenger Agent, 1004 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska

